The Fair Thief.

BEFORE the Urchin well could go,
She ſtole the whiteneſs of the ſnow;
And, more that whiteneſs to adorn,
She ſtole the bluſhes of the morn;
Stole all the ſweetneſs other ſheds
On primroſe buds, and vi'let beds.

Still to reveal her artful wiles,
She ſtole the Graces ſilken ſmiles;
She ſtole Aurora's balmy breath,
And pilfer'd orient pearl, for teeth;
The cherry, dipp'd in morning dew,
Gave moiſture to her lips, and hue.

Theſe were her infant ſpoils—a ſtore!
And ſhe in time yet pilfer'd more;
At twelve ſhe ſtole from Cyprus' Queen,
Her air, and love-commanding mein;
Stole Juno's dignity, and ſtole
From Pallas ſenſe to charm the ſoul.

Great Jove approv'd her crimes and art,
And t'other day ſhe ſtole my heart;
If Lovers, Cupid, are your care,
Exert your vengeance on this Fair;
To trial bring her ſtolen charms,
And let her priſon be my arms.

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY